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For Good Citizenship; Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

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A Resting Place this Side the Hills

The sun rose and covered the stars with his bright mantle; and I who had lain content beneath the vastness, arose to go beyond the hills. Great restlessness drove away all rest. The worlds, being mine, should be my abode.

And I ran through the meadows towards the hills. The birds were singing sweetly, and the fields were very fragrant; and I knew I had taken the right way.

And as I ran another came near. The breath of morning had filled another heart, and whispered therein of realms from which the winds come. We two ran side by side, looking over the hills beyond the sun. And still the birds were singing sweetly, and joyfully we made our way up the hillside in the radiant morn.

And lo, another breath of morning blew fair upon us, bearing rich fragrance from fields of flowers, and echoing with the songs of many birds. And we breathed deeply till lungs and hearts were filled.

And after that we journeyed slowly. The immensities seemed near.

And when another breath, fragrant with the odor of sweet flowers, and rich with songs of happy birds, blew fair upon us, we stood to discover where we were.

And we looked into each other's faces and knew we were not far from the realm whence come the mighty breathings.

And with boughs we built us a hut, lest the sun should set and leave us cold, and the birds sleep in the trees, and the flowers hold up their lips to the dew.

And in the hut of boughs the light still shines, the songs of birds still echoes, and the fragrance of flowers is very sweet.

And when another day shall dawn, we will go onward toward the hills, looking beyond the sun.

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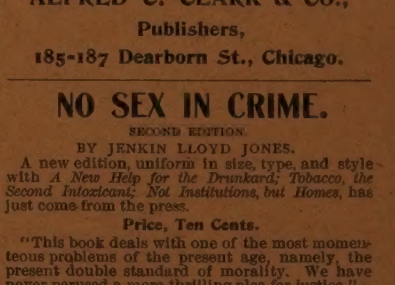

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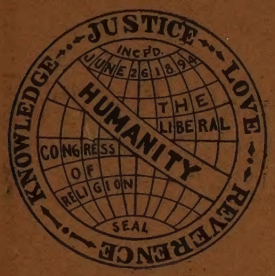

TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in oganization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future. —*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

Wanted: Men,
Not systems fit and wise,
Not faiths with rigid eyes,
Not wealth in mountain piles,
Not power with gracious smiles,
Not even the potent pen;
Wanted: Men.

Wanted: Deeds,
Not words of winning note,
Not thoughts from life remote,
Not fond religious airs,
Not sweetly languid prayers,
Not love of cant and creeds;
Wanted: Deeds.

Men and deeds;
Men that can dare and do;
Not longings for the new,
Not pratings of the old;
Good life and actions bold—
These the occasion needs,
Men and deeds.

—DOUGLAS MACGREGOR (?).

We go to press while the Western Unitarian Anniversaries are in session. Next week we hope to be able to report something of the meetings. Last Sunday night the new Third Church was dedicated in the presence of a large audience, Rev. S. A. Eliot, secretary of the American Unitarian Association, preaching the sermon, Mr. Fenn, Mr. Effinger, and Mr. Hosmer taking part in the exercises. Architect and congregation were the recipients of many congratulations over the successful completion of an attractive new church home.

The Union Signal quotes Mr. Moody as saying that he "has got through singing 'Hold the Fort.' Christians have been doing that long enough. They need to get outside the fort and wage the war there. There is no sense in building beautiful churches, keeping them locked up six days in the week." To all of which we say, Amen.

The Presbyterian Church is alarmed at the invasion of their borders by liberalism. Professor McGiffert is declared to be practically in agreement with Doctor Martineau and other Unitarian teachers. Dr. John Fox says: "We are forced to ask ourselves this unpleasant question, How long will it continue to be true that the name Presbyterian guarantees evangelical soundness of the minister who bears it? We are standing face to face with an incipient neo-Unitarianism, bred within our own bodies."

The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in leaflet No. 1, gives "Ten Rules for the Treatment of Animals," the tenth being as follows:

"*Try to make the world as happy a world as possible for any of God's creatures that may happen to be in your charge.*"

This is a far-reaching rule, and covers all kinds of bipeds as well as quadrupeds, including husbands and wives, boys and girls and babies. This rule is not a bad article in the confession of faith of the coming church.

The Literary Digest translates from the *Review of Religions*, of Paris, a discussion of the Evolution of Religion. It says: "For some the progress of religion is the same as progress in morality. For others religious progress is raising constantly what is spiritual in man above what is perceived by the senses. Still others think that religious progress consists in a constantly increasing domination of religion over entire humanity. "But the *Review* concludes as follows: "In what, then, consists an essentially religious development? Why does not man remain satisfied with existing religious forms? To this question there can be but one answer: It is because man grows in religious knowledge." Either restore the inquisition and stop investigation, or we shall have religious progress.

Now that the First Regiment of the Illinois National Guard have accepted a younger substitute for Chaplain Hiram W. Thomas during the war, Doctor

Thomas settles back into the higher chaplaincy of the People's Church of Chicago. It was a sore temptation to our associate, for Doctor Thomas was among the first of those who began to plead for the freedom of Cuba. But we are glad that he is to stay with his larger work, and to work for the nobility of the city that may be worthy of the return of the boys who under his inspiration have gone to free Cuba.

The example set by B. Fay Mills, of refusing to teach any longer the Calvinism of the Westminster Catechism, has been followed by Rev. James Eells, son of the Rev. Doctor Eells of Cleveland, one of the leading Presbyterian divines of America. Mr. Eells graduated at Hamilton College in the year 1887. He entered the Presbyterian Church as one of the nobler sort of spirits, devoted to the work of saving men. He has recently come to the conviction that it is not his duty to preach Calvinism, nor his privilege to preach something else, while professing to believe what he secretly rejects. Both Mr. Mills and Mr. Eells have become what may be called American Broad-Churchmen. So are we.

We have so often heard Washington quoted as a reason for our refusal to consociate with any European power, in any matter whatever not strictly pertaining to our own continent, that it is worth our while to read the exact words of Thomas Jefferson, when Canning proposed to President Monroe to co-operate with us in opposition to despotism. Jefferson wrote: "By acceding to the proposition, we detach England from the band of despots, bring her might's weight into the scale of free government, and emancipate a continent at one stroke, which might otherwise linger long in doubt and difficulty. Great Britain is the nation which can do us the most harm of any one, or all on earth, and with her on our side we need not fear the whole world. With her, then, we should most sedulously cherish a cordial friendship, and nothing would tend more to knit our affections than to be fighting once more side by side in the same cause."

Hon. Carroll D. Wright, who knows what he is talking about, tells us that it is all nonsense to suppose that saloons are paying the expenses of local government by their licenses. On the contrary, "the people are paying out $21 for every dollar that is paid into the treasury by those who are engaged in the sale of intoxicants." This is not taking into account the vast amount of waste which occurs by using up the wages of laborers on drink and the reduction of thousands of families to poverty. Mr. Wright reduces the whole question to one of statistical political economy: Shall we continue to license a system which costs us over twenty times all that we get out of it, not counting the guilt of moral complicity in the damnable business of rum-selling?

The following, from a binding-out document of just a hundred years ago, found in Pennsylvania and published in the *Friends' Intelligencer*, is good reading at this time, and may indicate to some over-lax parents some of the obligations which they have assumed, without indenture, when they have assumed the responsibility of parentage. The mother gives her boy to the man for the purpose of learning "the art and mystery of farming."

> During all which term, he, the said apprentice, his said master will and faithfully shall serve, his secrets keep, his lawful commands everywhere shall gladly obey. His said master's goods he shall not embezzle or waste, nor lend them to others without his leave. At cards or dice he shall not play, Taverns or Ale Houses he shall not frequent. Matrimony he shall not. From the service of his Master he shall not absent himself without said Master's leave. But in all things as a good and faithful apprentice shall and will demean himself, toward his said Master and all his, during the said term. And the said Master shall and will also find and allow unto the said Apprentice, meat, drink, washing and lodging, fitting for an apprentice during the term.

By order of the major-general, commander of the army, permission has been granted to an international committee of the Y. M. C. A. to locate their tents with any of the military commands of the United States, subject to the supervision and direction of commanding officers. While we cannot commend the great bulk of printed matter distributed by the association on account of its lack of respect for science and modern thought, and while many of their methods seem to us to be sadly wanting in rationality, we heartily commend the wisdom of this order, and believe that the accompanying tents of the association will carry a helpful ministry to the thousands of boys who will sooner or later find themselves not in the face of the stirring excitements of war, the heroic demands of danger and of service, but the more grievous burdens of idleness, the awful ennui of the camp. The monotony of a soldier's life carries with it the greater dangers and the sorest trials. Let the soldier and the friend of the soldier recognize this fact and be prepared for it.

A strange and unexpected light is thrown upon the cigarette question in these days when so many young men are being examined as to their physical competency to enter the army. From many sources comes the evidence of weakened circulation, traceable to the use of cigarettes among young men. Doctor King of Philadelphia has published the statement that ninety per cent of the rejected recruits are cigarette boys. Many of the Chicago physicians are reported as corroborating the statement. Last Sunday the labor organizations of Chicago passed stringent resolutions against the repeal

of the city ordinance looking towards the lessening of the sale of this poison to minors, and their resolutions embodied this conclusion of the surgeons: If cigarettes are bad for boys, are not cigars bad for men? Or to turn the argument around, if men hope to save the boys from the cigarette, had they not better begin by lessening the use of cigars among men? Let fathers apologize for smoking in the presence of their children as they do in the presence of a lady.

The Month for Congresses.

A Michigan reader of THE NEW UNITY complains of the meagerness of the report given to the Grand Rapids meeting, with which complaint we sympathize. The brevity of the report was not through editorial choice, but through the pre-occupation of those upon whom we had to depend for report. Perhaps some one who entered into the joys and richness of that meeting will be moved still to give our readers the benefit of his enjoyment. As will be seen from the correspondence in another column, the Illinois Congress was in session in spite of weather and of war. It was a season of fellowship and inspiration, one more evidence of the contagious and inspiring quality of the congress idea. The program was carried out as printed, with the exception of the absence of Rabbi Stolz of Chicago, the Indian Pundit, and Mr. Douthit of Shelbyville. Doctor Thomas' opening sermon, in the face of a pelting rain, justified itself in the quickening it gave to those present. It was worth while going to Springfield to discover such good fellowship as belongs to W. H. Noyes of the "Henry Booth settlement of Chicago," and Prof. G. B. Meade of the University of Chicago. The former, after seven years' experience in the service of the American Board as missionary in Japan, has come into his religious work in the open, and his study of the church in every-day life was searching and constructive. Professor Meade, who is a co-laborer with Doctor Dewey in the University School of Pedagogy, talked wisely of the unsolved problem, "The Religious Education of the Young." Mr. Marsh of Peoria set forth, in graphic fashion, the truth that the disintegration of dogma and of doctrine is only in the interest of a prompt reintegration of a more vital and inspiring character. The closing session in the Jewish synagogue on Thursday evening had a good audience, and was one of the most sympathetic and hearty fellowship meetings it has been our privilege to attend for a long time. Rabbi Leiser of Springfield, who had been the presiding officer up to this time, made the first address, after which he had to leave to meet an appointment in Baltimore, leaving the meeting in the hands of Mr. Jones. The resident Congregationalist and Methodist ministers of the place were present, and spoke kindly words of greeting and fellowship. Rabbi Jacobsen of Chicago, Doctor Thomas, Mr. Noyes, Professor Meade, Mr. Byrnes of Geneseo, and Mr. Jones made addresses, while Mr. Douthit of Shelbyville sent greeting, in which he said: "The near death of an old parishioner keeps me at home, for which I am very sorry. I wanted to clasp hands with you and the friends of the Liberal Congress. It is so good to cultivate the acquaintance of people of all sects and no sect who are in earnest to help humanity. Please give to those at the meeting my hearty greetings and God speed." Altogether these series of meetings in Iowa, Michigan and Illinois are both a vindication and a prophecy of the cause THE NEW UNITY stands for. Similar meetings in this same spirit are in preparation for Wisconsin, and a member of the "Historic Longwood Yearly Meeting of Progressive Friends," in enclosing the program of that meeting for June 3d, 4th and 5th, says: "I have just read the report of the Cedar Rapids Congress that seems to have given a new lease to life. It makes religion mean something. Can we induce the Liberal Congress to hold a session at Longwood at some near future time? This meeting calls for 'the friends of free thought and universal brotherhood everywhere.' At this meeting Frederick A. Hinckley will discuss 'The Men and Women of Fifty Years Ago and Now;' Herbert Welch, 'The Political Reform of Pennsylvania;' Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson, 'The Principles of Socialism;' Prof. John de Motte, 'Some Unsolved Scientific Problems,' and Mrs. Frederick Douglas, 'The Convict Lease System in the South.'" Thus, under one name or another, the Congress work is growing, and it is destined to grow until there will be a chain of the open brotherhoods that will have a link in every State in the Union.

"Love Your Enemies."

If we must have war in the interest of the humanities, how vigilant we should be in guarding the human heart from the invasion of hate and cruelty. If the altruistic call to arms should plunge us into a passionate thirst for blood and the gross appetite for conquest and for territory, how sad will be the irony. Let those who affect the Christian standards, and who profess to be followers of the Nazarene, often add in these days to their prayers for their enemies the words, "even the Spaniards." For, however degenerate the nation may have become, Spaniards still bleed when cut, and gunshot wounds bring to them, as to the Americans, the anguish of thirst and the terrors of inflammation. Spanish mothers' hearts bleed for their own, and Spanish homes have been desolated by the sunken ships in the Manila harbor, as American homes were desolated by the sinking of the Maine in the harbor of Havana. The brave boys, whose bodies rest at the

bottom of the sea, were alike innocent of evil intention, and, to the All-Seeing eye, they were both encircled with a common halo of courage and of loyalty. They were both trying to do their duty, and they died in the quest of the same. It will be a sad day for the United States when the cry of the starved babies of Cuba will have aroused, not a compassion for the suffering, the dependent, the ignorant, the helpless everywhere, but the old lion-and-tiger elements in human nature. Now that the war is on, the only humane thing to do is to push it, masterfully, to a successful issue. But in all campaignings and maneuverings, let the American flag be a rebuke to hatred, and let it ameliorate the bitterness that is unworthy the enlightened warrior who opposes, not the individual, but the nation; not the nation, as such, but the wrong of the nation. For the time being, the armed forces of the United States must contend with the armed power of Spain; but so long as Spaniards are human, so long as they, too, have a history which to them is inspiring, a country which to them is dear, and a future which to them is a responsibility and a trust, let no one forget that the Spaniard may be, and we believe thousands of them are, occupied by emotions identical with those that throb in the bosom of our ardent volunteers. If these emotions are less wisely directed, more imperfectly illumined by reason, and less humanely officered, still more, and not less, should our pity be for them. Let the United States beware lest it forgets the cry of the Cubans in the hatred for the Spaniard. Let it not for one moment forget that the passion for conquest and disposition to interfere with the affairs of other nations, an ambition to become an invading Power, with a capital "P," a love for the standing army and the greed for a big navy, is as un-American now as it has been for the last hundred years. Let the United States beware of the dangers of success, and wear meekly the easy conquests which an athlete may secure over a sickly degenerate.

We rejoice in the strengthening of the ties between the English-speaking races which this war may bring about. But why this pride of the Anglo-Saxon? The English is not an inspired tongue, and those who use it are no "chosen people." The German, the French, the Italian, Russian, and even the Spanish, are tongues which have lent themselves to genius, in them also the spiritual and mental wealth of the world is deposited. We want no new enlargement of the Monroe Doctrine to find its prompt circumference in the limit of the English speech. We want the Monroe Doctrine written large enough to encircle the globe, and let no bullet be fired, no cannon be trailed by order of an American officer, except to the end that it may render war impossible and the brotherhood of man more real. Let the children of God in the United States pray for their enemies—even the Spaniards.

Notes by E. P. Powell.

The threats issued against the *Voice*, of New York, to bring libel suits to the tune of twenty thousand dollars for its exposures of college habits, have all turned to air. The fact is, the American people do not object to free discussion, and they do disbelieve most thoroughly in covering up any evil under the sheltering garb of church or school. Whatever mistakes may be made will come to the light, as well as whatever sins are committed by a school system without the ethical sentiment. We welcome the freest boldest discussion of the dangers that beset our young men.

The *Rochester Times* says: "How can men be expected to venerate their flag when it floats approvingly over wealth concentrating and vicious policies, which reduce the masses to poverty while they debauch their morals? They will not do it, and they are failing to do it now, to a degree which ought to be alarming to our statesmen, and to sociologists, and to all who hope for the perpetuity of free institutions. Our school children cannot be long deceived with a patriotism made out of flag-days and spread-eagle oratory. Their estimates of their country will be governed by the actual conditions that confront them, and by what they see and experience and know. It is a damnable compact with vice to sell out the character and morals of the nation for licenses, high or low; and in large part this is what our flag actually stands for. It stands for monopoly and it stands for the liquor traffic, for it is in partnership with both." If this came from a radical paper, given to crankiness, it might be pushed aside; but as it is the voice of a most conservative newspaper, it is well worth weighing.

Dr. Iglehart, in *Frank Leslie's Monthly*, insists that the church is not losing its hold on the masses. That the best hold most denominations have is on the common people. Of the five and a half million Methodists in this country, less than one hundred thousand belong to the wealthier classes, leaving considerably over five millions who are plain every-day folk. This is a good showing, but we must remember that this is not far from the proportion of millionaires and common folk in America outside the churches. It is possible for the church to be losing its hold upon the people, even with a vast enrollment of membership. The question is not one of names, nor even of members, but whether the church doctrines are retaining their influence, and whether the church organization is kept on a par with civic organizations in influence. We do not believe that the church is destined to permanent decline. It has existed in all ages and in all lands. But in this rapid age the church must be as plastic in its institutional methods as other social organic efforts.

It is a grand and consoling thought that America is now fighting its second altruistic war. No other nation in history has made any such record. We fought first for the freedom of the despised and down-trodden negro; we are now fighting for the despised and down-trodden Cuban. This marks a new and forward march of humanity. There have

been wars for conquest, and wars for revenge, and wars for commercial advantage; but no other nation ever poured out its blood and treasure freely for other folk, without expecting or asking material compensation. Let no one fear for the United States. Our people are moving forward and not backward. War may be as holy as peace. Let us carry the spirit not of revenge but of salvation through the coming conquest.

Joaquin Miller, forty years after his first verses, appears once more in print. He has gathered together in a volume what he calls his complete poetical works—that is, all he cares to save from his literary productions. In his preface, he writes: "Thank God, the heart of the world is with the unfortunate. There never has yet been a great poem written of a rich man or gross. I glory in the fact that I never celebrated war or warriors. Thrilling as are war themes, you will not find one purposely in my books. If you would have the heart of the world with you, put heart in your work, taking care that you do not try to pass brass for gold. * * * In truth, were I asked to define poetry, I would answer in a single word, heart." He urges writers to use the simplest Saxon, and remember Shakespeare's scorn of "words, words, words." He thinks that we are to have a wonderful outgrowth and upgrowth of a purely American literature in the next century.

The *Electrical Review* expresses the opinion that the street car is destined to speedy displacement quite as much as the horse. It says that in all probability motor vehicles on macadam pavements, and better yet asphalt pavements, will be the method of travel and transportation in the immediate future. With the passing of the horse, pavements can be improved, and may reach such a state of perfection that there will be no advantage in rails. In other words, we shall soon come into an era of auto-mobile vehicles, as easily manageable as carriages with horses; and in this way the track need no longer be broken up with rails.

A much pleasanter topic comes to us from France than the Dreyfus case and Zola trial. It seems that a poor girl, with an old mother and a babe, had stolen a few loaves of bread from a baker to save them from starvation. She admitted the theft, but plead that she was driven to commit the crime out of desire to save the lives of those dear to her. She could not find work, and begging was prohibited by law. None of them had had food for thirty-six hours. Somewhat to the amazement of conventional court methods, and startling to the public, the judge, M. Magnaud, acquitted the accused, declaring that the theft was not only morally justifiable, but legally free from the essential properties of crime. Cardinal Manning, a few years ago, took the ground that "the obligations to feed the hungry springs from the natural right of every man to life, and to the food necessary to the sustenance of life. So strict is this natural law that it prevails over all positive laws of property." Will the social ethics of the twentieth century involve this principle?

Love is not blind; it is an extra eye which shows us what is most worthy of regard. —*Barrie.*

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to all forms of thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Prayer for Vision.

Open thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law.—Ps. cxix:18.

Thou, who art the God in heaven;
Unto Thee my prayer is given,
Unto Thee, the good and wise;
That I read Thy law more clearly,
That I prize Thy truth more dearly—
Father, open Thou mine eyes.

That I find the way of right
Radiant with Thy guiding light,
Holy Father, good and wise;
That I heed Thy law of beauty
In the rugged path of duty—
Father, open Thou mine eyes.

That beneath the surging motion
Of life's sorrow-troubled ocean,
Holy Father, good and wise;
I may see the hand that holds,
And have faith that love enfolds—
Father, open Thou mine eyes.

Nature's holy inspiration
Moves my spirit's consecration,
Holy Father, good and wise,
That I heed her kind appealings
And discern her deep revealings—
Father, open Thou mine eyes.

That I see Thy perfect plan,
From the atom unto man,
Holy Father, good and wise!
That I heed the evidence
Of Thy faithful providence—
Father, open Thou mine eyes.

That I read the Master's teaching,
Heed His gentle, kind beseeching,
Holy Father, good and wise;
Following where He leads the way,
Knowing they who love obey—
Father, open Thou mine eyes.

That in peace my soul may rest,
Owning all Thy will as best,
Holy Father, good and wise;
As the pure in heart may see,
Wholly trusting, loving Thee—
Father, open Thou mine eyes.

Bounteous gifts from Thee receiving,
In Thy law of love believing—
Holy Father, good and wise!
That I dedicate life's treasure
To Thy service, in full measure—
Father, open Thou mine eyes.

EMILY F. CARLETON.

The Illinois State Liberal Congress of Religions at Springfield.

Have we the right to call any Congress of Religions a social gathering? Would we not run the risk of a possible charge of belittling the importance of our meetings to make of it an informal social adjunct? This year's congress at Springfield was unique. Whatever numbers the other state meetings mustered is not in possession of the present writer. Whether or no they condescended to become wholly informal is likewise unknown. But in substantial and zealous personal inspiration, Springfield can boast, without conceit, of a gathering glorious and thought-awakening.

We had many obstacles to encounter—those of us who accepted the invitation of President Stoltz

to hold the meeting in our city. We could not foresee the events which played an exciting rôle on the stage of political events when the congress met. More than the encampment of ten thousand soldiers in the city, the dramatic detractions of other events in the country at large—war bulletins, relief organizations, physical examinations, nervous tension, and the novelty of a new generation of American young men stripped for bloody action, all these detractions and attractions diminished the number of visitors, delegates, and participants. Little things have grown into importance in our era. The minority is no longer a mean, disgraceful term. At times the minority have upheld the honor, abandoned by the majority. Our minority congress was a plurality congress, uplifting because earnest, revolutionary because truthful, glorious because devoted.

The program committee indicating by choice of words a number of men really simmered down to one man, the rabbi of Beth Scholem congregation, who accepted his honor without considering that honor as well as dignity demands labor and service. In arranging the program the greatest difficulty was encountered. Though acquainted with a number of workers in that field which belongs especially to the Liberal Congress, he found many of the choice readers and speakers engaged for the month in which the Illinois congress was called. Let us drop a suggestion here: Why, for the sake of appearance, power or impressiveness, do we call all state meetings in the same month? Within three weeks three neighboring states held their annual meeting. That the Liberal temper is spreading gives all honest men reason for gratification; but where the program has to be arranged and the same speakers are chosen from one state and city, it becomes more burdensome and taxing. Scatter the time of state meetings throughout the year and instead of focusing people's attention to the ensemble in one month, divert their attention to the continuous process throughout the year. The congress, working all times, carries all the year the banner of fraternity, love and righteousness.

After this difficulty of program was patiently overcome, and the speakers gathered according to the plan published in this paper for the last few weeks, the program committee was ready to receive the delegates, and here again an opposition was encountered—the weather.

Wednesday evening last was in league with the many other forces of the capital city in preventing a large gathering. The state house offered us hospitality, and the supreme court-room, whose walls are dotted with innumerable glasses of "justice," became for that evening the scene for that body of men and women who are the truest upholders of justice. We were likewise doomed to disappointment by the absence of State President Rabbi Joseph Stoltz of Chicago, who found professional duties too urgent to allow him leave of absence. For that place a substitute was found in the person of the present writer, who, very inexperienced, had to assume a responsible position. But Doctor Thomas was with us, and three very engaging members of his church, who lent cheer through the entire sessions. Doctor Thomas is a man who "dreams dreams." The slim attendance, already accounted for, were infinitely repaid for their efforts in attending the opening meeting. No formal gathering was this. Doctor Thomas gathered his young disciples about him, and spoke conversationally but inspired.

It was the plan of the congress he outlined, and more so the scheme of nature's method and manner. As nature presents us with a consistency of law and action, so is it the purpose of the congress to introduce law of oneness and co-operation among men in the world. Nature acquaints us with one law, but man has brought separateness in the world. He divides the bonds of union, and segregates himself, and by this process bolsters up conceits and vanities unfounded and disproved by nature.

The greatest folly man has perpetrated is his religious prejudice. He does not make his religion inclusive, but exclusive, and only gathers within his fold those that agree with him and accept whatever dogma he has established. The church of the future will handle man in another process. It will demand only man's willingness to grow and improve his mind, in order that better equipped he may carry on the work of the world—the work of bringing men together in wider love and usefulness one with the other.

Thursday morning the program called for a sociological session, and for that session the rare privilege was accorded the congress in meeting a new man and a virile personality, Mr. W. H. Noyes of the Fourteenth street settlement. The "Church in Every-day Life" was the topic of his paper. At no congress has a stronger arraignment been made against the existing order of ecclesiastical affairs than the charge Mr. Noyes brought against it. The pnblication of his paper in full was asked for in THE NEW UNITY,* and no digest of it can be adequate or true to the manly tone and earnest appeal prescribed in that strong, revolutionary attack.

The paper of Mr. Marsh of Peoria, following upon the reading of the morning leader, will also be printed in full in this paper. "What Free Religion Was to Take the Place of the Old." Mr. Marsh contends with Noyes that much of the present methods and ideas must be abolished for the more liberal, inclusive church of the future.

The educational session was suggestive, by reason of Prof. George B. Meade's scholarly charge against the Modern Sunday school. "How to Teach Religion to the Young" was his topic. He claims, and rightly, that no religion can be taught to children outside of the home. The child must feel the things it must reverence. He must live within the range of the ideas religion purposes to instill. Unless the child can live it, the teaching vanishes, and all the consequences of modern indifference in religion can be traced to this cause. The child does not understand abstract ideas. It only knows father and mother in relations of home life. The early religious life of the child is gained by this contact of things and persons. Professor Meade was particularly severe against the emphasis laid by Sunday school superintendents on the use of golden texts and special sentences. Aside from verbal knowledge of the Bible, he contends, they have no use. He proposed no means by which the school could be improved. He only said that unless the religious life of the child becomes a matter of actualities, the religious training was in vain.

*We regret to announce that Mr. Noyes modestly withholds his paper from publication for the present, but we hope not for long. EDITOR

Through all the sessions there was the red chord of union. The papers seemed to be an elaboration of the talk Doctor Thomas gave in the opening session. On Thursday evening a platform meeting was held in the Reform Temple of Springfield, but as the present writer had to leave before the meeting was fairly under way he cannot report it. For all his labor, he is proud of this year's state congress, and hopes he may join in the work for many more years.

JOSEPH LEISER.

John Burnham.

The recent death of John Burnham recalls a ride of twenty years ago this summer. We had both been at the Milwaukee Conference, and were on the train for home, when he, almost a stranger, took a seat with me and began to talk about pear-trees. Not having any, I saw that the hour would only be one of the appointed afflictions of clerical life. But soon the talk touched upon himself, and I became deeply interested. I tried to make him tell the story of his life, and agreed to believe all his theories about pear-trees without demonstration if he would. Still it was impossible to stop his digressions, and my station was reached before he was half through. I concluded it was best to forget where I lived. So I rode on some twenty miles further, to hear the rest of his story, and get back home as best I could.

The main attraction of the story was, of course, in its details and his telling, but its outline may prove interesting now. It illustrates how naturally one act grows out of another, and how much can so grow in an earnest life. John Burnham was born over eighty years ago, in Brattleboro, Vt. His father was a maker, in a small way, of old-fashioned pumps, and John, being a boy full of energy, soon began to peddle them about the country. But they raised his interest in other ways of lifting water, and he soon added to the pumps the hydraulic ram, which was then attracting attention.

This ram had also an ideal side which appealed to the young man. By it water was made to lift itself without the work of pumping, and even many times as high as its source, with the proper conditions. Nature herself would pump for man, while he waked and while he slept, if he would only learn how to let her. This opened new visions in the peddler's rides. Could not Nature be turned to still more service in this work of pumping? Could not these winds which were sweeping by him and over every farm be made to do this drudgery for the farmer, especially through the great West, where wind was so plenty and pumping so indispensable? This was the vision that haunted him as he drove about New England. The pumps and hydraulic rams were in his wagon, but the windmill was in his brain.

Windmills were, of course, already old, but not of the kind he wanted. He wanted a smaller one for the farmer, self-regulating, so as to adapt itself to the varying winds and pump day and night without needing to be watched. It must, besides, be a manufactured article, to be distributed and sold ready-made like any other machine. So Mr. Burnham went to an inventor in Connecticut, Mr. Halliday, whose name is now seen on so many mills, and asked him if such a thing could be made. Doubtless, the inventor replied, and he might devise one if he had sufficient encouragement. Mr. Burnham was just the man to give him the encouragement. So Mr. Halliday devised a self-regulating mill, and he and Mr. Burnham started works at Ellington, Conn., to manufacture and multiply it. That was nearly fifty years ago. But there still remained the task of making it known. Mr. Burnham went directly to see Horace Greeley, and persuaded him to send Solon Robinson to examine the mill. The latter did so, and wrote for the New York *Tribune* an enthusiastic article telling how the new mill would enslave the winds sweeping over every farm and make them do the pumping and various chores. Letters of inquiry began to come from all over the country, and it looked as if the manufacturers would soon be millionaires. But the necessary cost dismayed the inquirers, and most of them were never heard from again. Mr. Burnham had to take to the road anew, force the mills upon the farmers, put them up for trial, almost give them away, and it was eight long years before he could make the business pay. Finally, however, the merits of the mill were recognized, the demand enlarged, many new kinds were invented, and the last census tells of nearly eighty different manufactures of them in the country. Meanwhile, Mr. Burnham's works were moved to Batavia, Ill., and though he never became rich, he had the satisfaction of seeing the fruits of his labor, and the winds turned into faithful servants all over the land. So much grew out of the pump peddling.

More, too, and another discovery of Nature's readiness to help. In his efforts to get the windmill introduced among the farmers, Mr. Burnham had to fight the frost which every winter filled their watering-troughs with ice. He found at length that if these were properly covered, the warmth which the water brought from the ground would keep, and itself prevent the freezing. Thence it occurred to him that the same method might be applied to the railroad tanks, which, up to that time, had to be provided with a costly arrangement for keeping a fire and a man to attend it. He presented his plan to various officers of the Northwestern road, from general superintendent down, but without effect. They left his letters unanswered, laughed at his folly when he called on them—had had too much trouble with freezing tanks to believe any such nonsense as that. At length, however, when two new ones were to be built in his vicinity, he made a supreme effort—wrote, called, plead the case with all his enthusiasm, urged all possible motives—finally extorted a reluctant consent to have his plan tried. While the new tanks were building, neighbors and railroad men amused themselves with endless jests about "Burnham's ice-houses;" they were "going to be the best ice-houses in the country." But when, on one of the coldest days of the next winter the inspector came, opened one, and found the water steaming within, their case was won. Of the first tank, the building superintendent wrote: "We saved in construction $2,000, besides the expense of stove, fuel and attendance for all time to come, and since then our general superintendent has given orders to adopt no other plan." The latter officer himself wrote, "The Burnham frost-proof tanks have long since proved a success," and the chief

engineer of the Michigan Southern road praised them as "the warmest water stations we have."

Such a ride did the peddler start on when he drove out of Brattleboro that first morning. His little wagon carried not only pumps, but hydraulic rams, windmills for thousands of farms, and great fireless tanks for all the railroads.

When Mr. Burnham retired from business, his activity only turned to his garden and orchard. He remembered how on a walk, when a boy, he had seen an apple-tree grafted with a pear branch, which was bending to the ground with fruit. That old tree now started into new growth. He began a wide correspondence to learn if any others had tried this experiment; he tried it in his own orchard; he concluded that poor-apple trees might be thus turned into rich pear-trees. Here was a new gospel, and Mr. Burnham gave himself to it as a missionary. That was one reason that I had so hard work to keep him to his story. When the train stopped and I rose to leave, he returned at once to the pear-grafts, and followed me to the door, urging me to have all my neighbors start them. The train moved on, and his last words came back to me from the platform, "Now, see that you do it!"

But in religion, Mr. Burnham had long before grafted the old apple-tree of orthodoxy with a more generous growth, and had learned the other lesson, that Nature herself will lift the "water of life" and keep it warm without the Calvinistic fires. As a boy he had been trained in orthodox doctrines, and as a thoughtful young man had especially mastered the arguments against the spreading Universalism. But once, while peddling those pumps, he had spent a Sunday in Portsmouth, and was led by curiosity to hear one of the Ballous, then preaching there. The sermon only aroused his indignation, and with his usual zeal he felt that he must not leave the town until he had labored with that Universalist minister and shown him the error of his teachings. Therefore, early on Monday morning he presented himself at Mr. Ballou's door, where he was met by the preacher. Without stopping for conventionalities, and while still standing on the steps, he told the clergyman how shocked he was that a man of such intelligence and supposed integrity could so pervert the Scriptures and undermine religion, and proceeded to pour out a volley of biblical texts about "eternal punishment" and "everlasting fire." When at length he gave Mr. Ballou a chance to reply, the latter invited him in, calmed him a little, and, though evidently not without suspicion that he had escaped from a lunatic asylum, advised him to read a certain book, somebody's treatise on something or other, one of those volumes that are no longer of vital interest. But it proved vital to Mr. Burnham. He read it with opening eyes, and others after it, until he left his Calvinism behind with the old pumps, and grew into a larger religion as natural and free as the winds he worked with. He became especially associated with Unitarians, but was in sympathy with good thought and work under whatever name. This sympathy was always inspiring him to action, too, with the same zeal with which the young, lank, long-limbed peddler, with sleeves and trousers all too short, had stood on the doorsteps in that fine street in Portsmouth and undertaken to convert the clergyman.

His later years especially were given to religious work. He studied religious questions in his original way, and had letters of encouragement from various leaders, among others from Dr. Samuel Davidson, the eminent English biblical scholar. He was particularly active in circulating religious literature, and a recent "Pacific Unitarian" tells how through his closing years in California he carried on a "postoffice mission" work of his own. But his religion included whatever was helpful. One summer, at a conference in Baraboo, Mr. Jones, the editor of THE NEW UNITY, taking a stroll before sunrise and passing a lot full of thistles, found Mr. Burnham in it, with coat off and knife in hand, rooting up the weeds. That act of generous service in a town where he was a stranger, and while the other people were in bed, was quite typical of Mr. Burnham's life. He was ever trying to kill the thistles, to get the refreshing waters flowing and the better fruits growing, in farms and orchards and religion and society.

HENRY M. SIMMONS.

"One Hour for Breakfast."

Next to the splendor and completeness of Dewey's victory, and the effect it will have in hastening the conclusion of the war, is the humanity of the great commander in his ordering the now famous "one hour for breakfast" for his men.

I predict that Dewey's order, "One hour for breakfast," will become one of the classic episodes of this present war.

"One hour for breakfast!" Think of the nerve, the coolness of a commodore in delivering such an order in the midst of a great and unfinished battle. Think of the greatness and humanity of a commander whose first order is to strike for your country, and whose second order is "one hour for breakfast" for his men.

"One hour for breakfast" in the midst of a bloody battle is like the bright return of the sunshine after the visit of the tornado.

"One hour for breakfast" at such a time is like the gentle zephyr that cools the aching brow.

"One hour for breakfast" in Manila Bay that morning was like a mother's kiss on the brow of a dying soldier.

"One hour for breakfast" for those nerve-wrought boys was like a benediction at the close of a restless and toil-wearying day.

"One hour for breakfast" at the close of that terrific charge was like the smile that follows a flood of tears.

"One hour for breakfast" on that Sunday morning was like partaking of the sacrament at the altar of liberty.

"One hour for breakfast" on those smoking battleships is one of those "touches of nature that makes the whole world kin," and next to Dewey's stroke for his country, next to Dewey's cyclone blow for Cuban liberty, is this touch of kindness, tenderness, and humanity for his men.

An extract from a sermon delivered by Rev. Thos. P. Byrnes at the Unitarian Church of Geneseo, Ill., last Sunday evening, on the subject of the "Victory of Dewey at Manila."

That which thou would'st be thou must be,
That which thou shalt be thou art;
As the oak astir in the acorn the dull earth rendeth apart,
So thou, the seed of thy longing, that breaketh and waketh the heart. *Selected.*

The Word of the Spirit.

"Get thee up into the high mountain; lift up thy voice with strength: be not afraid

The Hero-Heart.

A SERMON PREACHED BEFORE THE IOWA LIBERAL CONGRESS OF RELIGION, BY ARTHUR M. JUDY, OF DAVENPORT, IOWA.

In some respects Greek tragedy gives one the impression that creation is a grand failure; the Hebrew proverbial or gnomic writings in large part give one the same impression. But the failure of creation which these masterpieces of two master nations imply, is a failure consequent upon man's inability to find peace and comfort in outward events.

Did it ever occur to these writers, I wonder, that the object of outward events is not to give peace and comfort, but something else and better? Has this thought ever occurred to us? Probably not. Most of us go forward as if we expected to get comfortably fixed some time. Our business was not good this year; there has been sickness in the family during the past month; we have recently had an unpleasant controversy with a friend—but later, next year, these outside affairs will go right, and we shall settle down in peace. Strange illusion! We shall do nothing of the kind. Neither next year or in any year to come will outward events cease to disturb us. It is not their mission to let us get pleasantly fixed. Their mission is to prevent us from being pleasantly fixed. To be pleasantly fixed is to be freed from the necessity for exertion. Nothing more dire could happen to us than to lose this necessity. Take away the necessity for exertion, and you have destroyed the conditions of progress.

Nature, i. e., outside events, in order to be blessed to our use had to be charged with power to disturb and distress. Their function in the divine economy is not so much to soothe as to sting. They are the task-setters. They are the battle-givers. They are the awakeners. They are the schoolmaster's bell summoning the children of earth from thoughtless play to noble strife. If any one looks to them to help him to a stable and serene life, he will look in vain. There is change and trouble coiled within every one of them. No matter which one is trusted—fortune, health, friends, birth, position—they will all alike disappoint whoever stakes his hopes of peace and happiness upon them. Is he a king who trusts them? Some Lear, madness will seize him, or conspiracy lay him low. Is he the master of a city's fortune, Venice or Carthage, who trusts them? The vicissitudes of trade or war will undo him. Is he the single-hearted leader of a great cause—Coligny? Assassination will overwhelm him. Is he a master of eloquence—Cicero? Sedition will stay his speech. Is he a prophet, holy in thought and deed—Socrates? Fanaticism will hand him the fatal cup.

There is no respect of person or of purpose in the outward world; upon all it lays a rough hand. It is contemptuous of rest and peace.

Well! Is there, then, no possibility of securing rest and peace? Yes; if Epictetus was right when he said that man is given faculties by which he can meet every event. Is Jesus right when He declared that He could give access to a well of living water whereof whoso drank should never thirst?

It is a fact of profound significance that the great dramatists of Greece were succeeded by Socrates; the proverb-makers of Israel by Jesus; the lawgivers of Rome by Epictetus; the ecclesiastics of the Middle Ages by Thomas à Kempis; the wealth-seekers of America by Emerson. The significance of this profound fact lies in this, that the human race, represented in its great leaders, always comes to a time when it learns that it must look upon outward events not as a scene of comfort, but as medium of character.

When this turn in expectation is made, optimism supplants pessimism; the jubilate of hymn and prayer succeeds the miserere of dialogue and ode. The beatitude of Madonna displaces the pensiveness of Apollo; "Duty, stern daughter of the voice of God," discrowns the Goddess of Fortune, and inaugurates the reign of inner peace.

It is my desire to help you, my hearers, to make this turn in your point of view. That you have partly made the turn goes without saying. You are far too wise not to see that a man's chief hope of happiness lies in his way of taking things. Still, you do not—do you?—govern your life as completely by this vision as you might. If you were told that a tyrant were about to order you to be dragged from your happy home to die on the block, I suspect you would say you could not bear it. But even such a fate as that has been borne, and splendidly borne many times. There was Sir Thomas More. In the opinion of all Europe he was the first man of his day. His home was one of the most ideally happy that history has recorded. Because he would not violate his conscience at the behest of a tyrant he was summoned from this home to the block. A moment he seemed to waver, a moment only. Then his magnificent manhood rose supreme over this outward calamity, and he walked to his death with the same serene composure and gentle humor which had characterized him when he stood in the full sunshine of royal favor. Did *he* have faculty given him to meet every event? He certainly had faculty given to meet this event. He was greater than death. The man mastered the circumstance.

But in this mastery Sir Thomas More was not a miracle. Thousands upon tens of thousands of men and women in the face of death have kept their manhood undaunted.

War, with its slaughter and tyranny, with its executions, are dire events; but he who thinks deeply will feel than even these have been a means of calling manhood into being. Manhood! manhood! What is it? It is that power within which rises superior to the powers without. Manhood is wholly that, and it is almost a divine revelation to so comprehend it. When a mother says to her boy, who has suffered pain, "Be a man," her appeal implies a power within the child's command which is supreme over earth. This power, in some of its aspects, is designated heroism. The essence of heroism is that a man will not cry when there is a provocation to cry; will not fear when there is an occasion of fear; will not hate when he is given cause to hate. Against all the forces which conspire to drag him into humiliation or pitiable display he puts forth an inner resource which brings

these forces to naught. In so far as he can put forth this inner resource of love and cheer and hope and serenity, is he a man, and no farther.

* * *

Now, I beg you, friends, do not hear these words with idle hearing. Should I, upon some occasion, say to you personally that you have not played the man, you would not hear me listlessly. Every nerve would tingle and your eyes would flash. Beware! I am about to say to you personally, in this sermon, that you do not play the man; nor you the woman. Not in anger am I about to say it, not hastily, but lovingly and as the outcome of my deepest thinking am I compelled to say it.

You are not manly, if, for instance, under a terrible physical disablity, you lose your resolution and cheer. Manhood, the best manhood known to the world, cannot be cast down by such a calamity.

* * *

There was Francis Parkman. You know that no piece of historic work done in America exceeds his in value. Yet a good part of that work was done when his eyes were so weak that he could use them only five minutes at a time, and there were months when he was debarred from all labor. "Fighting with the scabbard when the sword is broken" is one of the prize definitions of grit. How the heart leaps up at Francis Parkman's exhibition of this quality! All thought of the outward adversity, all condemnation of it, is swallowed up in our delight at the display of manhood which it called forth.

That is why we may justly think that the so-called evils of nature are really not evils. We forget all about them or we have no fault to find with them as soon as a man arrives who shows that he has a capacity to rise above them. You are reading, for instance, the story of a flood. Your heart burns against its awful devastation until you come upon the account of a man who rides its torrent, as t'were with the serenity of a god riding the lashing waves of the sea. Suddenly, at the sight of this sublime triumph, what had seemed malignity and caprice in nature appears right and useful. Seen as the occasion and the opportunity of that heroism, the flood itself appears benign. As the heart of a collegian goes out in a frenzy of good will toward the team whose hard and fair struggle has compelled his own team to a magnificent victory, so does the heart of man go out in adoration to the stern trials of life, just as soon as those trials are seen to be conditions paramount to the display of splendid manhood and womanhood.

Do you catch, friends, the weighty significance of this thought? Here is the death of a child. What an awful torrent! Ah, the caprice and malignity of it! Evil world! Merciless universe! But hold a moment. Have you read Emerson's "Threnody?" If so, you have seen a man rising supreme above that torrent of death. Terrible as was the provocation laid upon him to despair at the death of his "hyacinthine boy," he found within a faculty which brought him to a sublime joy. He entered the night of his sorrow with lamentation; he issued thence into a morning of serene hope. He sought and found. He tried and won. He called upon the manhood of his deepest nature, and there responded a power which gave him victory.

> Fair the soul's recess and shrine,
> Magic-built to last a season.

—sorrowingly he wrote. But—

> Theres that expansive reason
> Whose omen 't is and sign.

—he was able to write at last. Through love of the shrine of his boy's earthly embodiment Emerson was lead to the light of a higher knowledge of the everlastingness and infiniteness of soul. He had but to use the full capacity of his nature, and the gloom of the grave burst into the radiance of the hope eterne.

I might go on, without end, citing in this way instances of men and women who rose superior to the most terrible outward events. Indeed, it seems to me it would be possible to verify in the minutest detail Epictetus' declaration that man has been given faculties by which he can meet every event. No *one* man has been given faculties to meet all events. I do not say that. But human nature, as exemplified in all its members, certainly has power to win peace out of every known strife. It is, therefore, within the power of human nature to bear everything well. And whatever has been done by any man can be done by all, when all have grown up to their full capacity of manhood. Think not that the achievements of the world's geniuses are never to be re-enacted. Quite otherwise. They are but exemplars set for the performance of all, and in all lie the latent capacity for the performance. But not at once, and not without discipline, can these capacities be made manifest. Epictetus did not mean that we have faculties given us by which we can meet every event without any exertion in using the faculties. His constant admonition was, "Practice yourself for heaven's sake, in little things, and thence proceed to greater."

But *there* is just where the rub comes with us. We have not been duly impressed with the fact that this practice is the essential thing in life. The example of our parents and the prevailing influence of society have been to teach us that the gaining of something outward is the essential thing. They tell us that we must bend every possible energy to making a living, by which they mean surrounding ourselves with material resources; or they assure us that the supreme satisfaction in life lies in a home filled with children; or they insist that if we are to make life worth while we must press forward to positions of trust and command. In a sense, they are perfectly right. We must, if we are to live at all, have something to eat; we must, if we are to exercise our capacities, have a home and hold places of usefulness. But not as finalities, not as ends. It is well to have a comfortable home. It is not well to believe that if the exercises of that home were taken away, nothing would be left for manhood to show its power and beauty upon. Friends, go teach your children that if their homes shall be taken from them, then will come their chance for the most glorious exercise of manhood. Teach them that when neighbors begin to wrongfully distrust, and friends betray, and honors flee, that then virtue "most truly lives;" then the day of Olympic contest arrives; then God would have them show what manner of men they are. Friends, friends, train your children—train yourselves—not to shrink from, but to advance determinedly toward the pits and snares of life; toward the sorrows and the cares. Only he who welcomes sorrow shall ever overcome

sorrow. Does this charge seem to you to imply that life is to be a dismal affair? Not so. Dreariness comes from the opposite habit of thought. It is people who think happiness ought to be found in outward circumstance who have the dreary time of it. A hero, in so far as he is a hero, is never dreary; neither is a saint. It is not the poor mother, who for the sake of her sick child forces herself to wear a cheery smile, who is dreary, but the selfish epicure, who gives way to sullen gloom because he has lost a year's income. The soul who will not rise above the vicissitude of outward fortune and keep the serenity of its inner godhead—that soul has, indeed, a dreary lot. Job, of the original and genuine book of Job, could not be pictured as rising above despondency, because the man who drew his character believed that blessing lay in large herds and well-beloved children. Dante, a profounder student of human nature, two thousand years later, wrote a book whose closing pages exalt the heart almost beyond bounds, because he perceived the felicity surpassing all limit which awaits him who in all holiness lives out his manhood.

But that holiness, who is equal to it?

When changing fortune deprives us of property, it is wounded vanity which is hardest to bear; when gossips make free with our character, it is the truth they speak which hurts. There is balm for all calamity, says George Eliot, except that which we bring down upon ourselves by sin. Here, then, is a second reason why we cannot find felicity in the present life; we are bad as well as weak. We ought, therefore, to have some tastes of hell. But this hell, if not entirely in our power to abolish, is largely so. Even the inherited edge on our teeth we can wear off by degrees. The whole process of evolution is a process of throwing off bad inheritance. Age after age by heroic effort the race has lifted itself to higher manhood—left "the low-vaulted past for a dome more vast." We, if we are ever to enter the palaces of delight, must do the same. We must not make the mistake of demanding that even this least outward of gifts, the gift of our inherited being, shall be free from evils. We must quit this foolish business of excusing ourselves by saying, "I was made that way." Whoever sees a fault in action feels a power within to overcome the fault. If he does not summon that power to the front, his battle for happiness is lost. There is a deeper self by which it is always possible to conquer the shallow self. Yea, there is depth below depth of being in the soul. This is the living well which Jesus meant. When a blasting drought sweeps over the surface of life—the affairs of this day and world—drop your bucket into those infinite depths, and there will come up powers of infinite refreshment. Do not fear. You are children of God. All the might and majesty of the Father is to become yours. Hear and believe that, and cease from dread. True might and majesty are far away yet. You are weak to-day, and you are sinful. But what *child* is not? At three-score-and-ten still will you be weak and sinful; but not so weak, not so sinful, as at twenty, if you have quitted yourself like men. Inside of sixty years splendid advance may indeed be made. But inside sixty million years—what? And sixty million years—they are but the teens of an eternal soul. Am I then wrong to declare that the might and majesty of Godhead is the goal of men, if, indeed, they are *children* of God? Now, will you not quit your fear; will you not scorn to think that you are to measure the worth and success of life by the attainment of a few purposes which you have set for these present three-score-and-ten years? What if you do fail of these purposes? What if you feel the bitterness of that law which tosses fortune now to one generation, now to another? that gives a happy home to-day, and leaves it bereft to-morrow?

Has this bitterness no value? Is there no opportunity in this vicissitude? Yea, verily, for a soul with infinite resource can turn every event to advantage.

Men do not summon their whole self to meet their trials, or they would never despair. They minimize themselves and magnify their obstacles. They overestimate temporary events and underestimate eternal qualities. They think that if present love and ambition fail, all is lost; ignoring their unsummoned capacity to press forward to inexhaustible loves and ambitions. They forget that a character which is to be great on every side needs clouds as well as sunshine.

Washington, in the serene days of peace, showed attractive qualities of manhood. But did those qualities reveal the best Washington? Nay, a better part got into action then at Valley Forge, so much better that it became a new star in the firmament of the spirit. Something tells you that the greatest fortune that ever befell Washington was Valley Forge, because its outcome was the greatest Washington. Then will you not take heart? Then will you not live in and for the spirit? Then will you not see that *within* is the kingdom of heaven?—that power is there to "rise triumphant over sin and death?" That if you will you can master the vicissitudes of earth with the eternities of heaven? Will you not?

Unanswered Prayers.

Like some schoolmaster, kind in being stern,
Who hears the children crying o'er their slates
And calling, "Help me, master," yet helps not,
Since in his silence and refusal lies
Their self-development, so God abides,
Unheeding many prayers. He is not deaf
To any cry sent up from earnest hearts;
He hears and strengthens when He must deny.

He sees us weeping over life's hard sums;
But should He dry our tears, and give the key,
What would it profit us when school were done
And not one lesson mastered?

What a world
Were this if all our prayers were granted! Not
In famed Pandora's box were such vast ills
As lie in human hearts. Should our desires,
Voiced one by one, in prayer, ascend to God,
And come back as events, shaped to our wish,
What chaos would result!

In my fierce youth
I sighed out breath enough to move a fleet,
Voicing wild prayers to heaven for fancied boons
Which were denied, and that denial bends
My knees to prayers of gratitude each day
Of my maturer life. Yet from those prayers
I rose alway regirdled for the strife
And conscious of new strength. Pray on, sad heart!
That which thou pleadest for may not be given.
But in the lofty altitude where souls
Who supplicate God's grace are lifted, there
Thou shalt find help to bear thy future lot,
Which is not elsewhere found.

—*Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in Augusta Journal.*

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

SUN.—Not in the distant, but the near,
I 've found the Infinite, Eternal.
MON.—Before the truths of life ye stand,
And know in them your God at hand.
TUES.—The good whom we have known,
We cannot cease from knowing.
WED.—O let our service like a song,
To earth's delight and courage add!
THURS.—Nor is there life apart from love,
Nor righteousness nor peace apart from service here.
FRI.—Rejoiced I am at times to be an unknown force,
Or uncomputed factor in God's world.
SAT.—Give me to prove the times in which we live an apostolic age,
Dowered with the universal Truths that energize the world.

William E. Davenport.

Lullabye.

Lullabye, baby dear, hush-a-bye, mother 's here.
As the sun sinks in the west,
Cradled in its rosy nest,
Then my darling goes to rest.
Never fear!

Lullabye, baby dear, hush-a-bye, mother 's here.
Close those sleepy little eyes
That have grown so wondrous wise,
Gazing with a glad surprise.
Never fear!

Lullabye, baby dear, hush-a-bye, mother 's here.
Fold the tired arms, just so,
Rest the little feet that go
Ever running to and fro.
Never fear!

Lullaby, baby dear, hush-a-bye, mother's here.
Leave thy troubles and thy cares
To the one who ever shares
All the crosses baby bears.
Never fear!

Lullabye, baby dear! Hush-a-bye, mother 's here.
When the sun sinks in the west,
Cradled in its rosy nest,
Then my darling goes to rest.
Never fear!

MARJORIE ALLIS NORRIS.

A New Holiday for the Children.*

An excellent suggestion was recently made by the Department of Agriculture at Washington that the public schools of the country shall have a new holiday, to be known as Bird Day. Three cities have already adopted the suggestion, and it is likely that others will quickly follow. Of course, Bird Day will differ from its successful predecessor, Arbor Day. We can plant trees but not birds. It is suggested that Bird Day take the form of bird exhibitions, of bird exercises, of bird studies—any form of entertainment, in fact, which will bring children closer to their little brethren of the air, and in more intelligent sympathy with their life and ways. There is a wonderful story in bird life, and but few of our children know it. Few of our elders do, for that matter. A whole day of a year can well and profitably be given over to the birds. Than such study, nothing can be more interesting. The cultivation of an intimate acquaintanceship with our feathered friends is a source of genuine pleasure. We are under greater obligations to the birds than we dream of; without them the world would be more barren than we imagine. Consequently, we have some duties which we owe them. What these duties are only a few of us know or have ever taken the trouble to find out. Our children should not be allowed to grow to maturity without this knowledge. The more they know of the birds, the better men and women they will be. We can hardly encourage such studies too much. Where Arbor Day has not found a recognition as yet, it should speedily be established as a holiday. Our future as a healthy nation depends upon the preservation of the trees and a knowledge of tree life. Without trees we should, indeed, be a sickly people. But Arbor Day is now generally recognized in the schools. And to it should be added Bird Day. The one is in truest sympathy with the other. We can hardly know the trees without the birds who nest in them. Our children should be in touch with both. Therefore, let us have Arbor Day and Bird Day; two separate days wherever possible, or the two days united in one where that is more practicable.

Mrs. H. Mott, in the Ladies' Home Journal.

*The Home Journal is behind-hand. Wisconsin has established Bird Day by law, and it is observed all over the state and *many* cities outside of that state.—EDITOR.

The Crank Drummer.

How disappointed you would have been if the postman had not brought you that pretty gift on Christmas Day! If you could look into many a postoffice at holiday time, you would see the piles of interesting-looking packages, neatly wrapped, and with the names of good children written on them. But the children won't get them on time because somebody has failed to stick on enough stamps to pay for carrying them. Now, who but a "crank" would ever think of getting these packages out of the "held-for-postage" box, and starting them on their way? A man who used to be postmaster at Huntington, W. Va., tells the story in the *Youth's Companion.*

"A day or two before the Christmas of 1889 a stranger appeared at the postoffice and asked if we had any letters or packages which could not be forwarded for lack of proper postage.

"'Many,' I answered.

"'Bring them all out, and let us send them on their way,' said he, at the same time taking a bank note from his pocket.

"The accumulations 'held for postage' were produced, were properly stamped, and were sent to the canceling table, the stranger paying for the necessary stamps.

"'Now,' said he, 'I will leave two dollars more in your hands to be expended for stamps, in case other matter should be deposited during the holidays with insufficient postage. You can keep a record of the amount, and we will settle when I call again.'

"'Will you leave your name?' I asked.

"'O, that 's not necessary; I'm only a drummer,' he answered.

"This act he repeated every year at the beginning of the season until 1893, when, being unable, to reach Huntington before the holidays, he enclosed five dollars in a letter to the postmaster, asking that it be expended, if necessary, in the same way. The letter was signed, 'The Crank Drummer.'"—*Selected.*

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The Liberal Field.

"The World is my Country; To do good is my Religion."

CRAIG'S MILL, ARK.—It occurred to me that a line from this region would be of interest to you, and possibly to your readers. I came here two months ago, from my school (Leclaire Academy, Edwardsville, Ill.) to recruit my health. We have now a little Sunday school, undenominational, and I speak to the people on Sundays. There being no church building within ten miles, we use a plain little frame schoolhouse. People come in wagons and on horseback—i. e., a few, most of us walking through the wood, from one to five miles. The settlements are not very thick, and a hundred people come from a large area. Many come in shirt-sleeves or in patched clothing. In the audience to-day there was not a collar or cravat or a pair of polished shoes. Yet the singing was hearty and the attention excellent. They listened for an hour to a talk on the beatitudes, and then remained for almost another hour talking and shaking hands.

I took some literature, which they eagerly took. In visiting their homes, I find great plainness and simplicity, all the furniture handmade, and no paint or varnish on anything unless it be a clock, sold for ten times its value on installments by some unscrupulous agent. Houses are made with ax and saw. The people are honest, simple, confiding, hospitable. There is a hireling class who eat up all that they earn, in advance, if they can collect it, and who buy in the smallest dribs. But this class is small. There are no papers taken, and no books except a Bible, which is hardly ever read. They are liberal and emphasize the essentials, righteousness and worship.

We have started a small circulating library, and I want any of your readers who feel so disposed to aid us.

Sectarianism is dead, and the occasional sectary who comes this way is simply a "beater of the air;" his day is past.

We ought to go out, as of old, preaching the new word of life everywhere. If the liberal cause seems to halt, it is because we teachers do not go to the people. They are hungry for the "beauty of holiness" and the wholeness of beauty.

This is a great poor man's country. The race problem is serious, but is slowly solving itself.

Our nearest freight and express office is Hensley. Most fraternally,

J. W. CALDWELL.

THE GRAND RAPIDS MEETING.—The *Herald* of this place contains this account of the closing session:

The liberal mass-meeting is over, and those who took part in it left for their homes last night, or will leave this morning, feeling that a big step toward a union of all religious churches has been taken. Last evening the mass-meetings closed with an impressive service in Temple Emanuel. The regular Jewish congregation went through with its services with the gentiles either listening or taking part.

After the services Rabbi Hausmann delivered a little address in sympathy with the spirit of the occasion. He said the house of God is the place of worship for all nations. He was grateful on account of the growing sympathy between the denominations. In the pulpit with Rabbi Hausmann were the Rev. Leslie W. Sprague, the Rev. A. T. Beam of Lapeer, the Rev. A. W. Gould of Chicago, and Doctor Sunderland of Ann Arbor. The Rev. Mr. Beam of Lapeer was the first speaker.

He said the meeting meant a desire for all churches to draw nearer together and make their ideals the same. He characterized the occasion as a breaking of a new light. He thanked the power of imagination for a great many blessings. In the power of organization the poor and suffering can forget their own misery.

He scoffed at the common tendency to condemn poor people for spending a portion of their substance for other things than those which keep the body and soul together. The speaker urged his hearers to cultivate the ideal in their profession. The farmer may pause and raise himself above the clod and contemplate the beauty of the world around him. He claimed drudgery kills, although he is no enemy of manual labor. The memory of a sainted mother makes a noble man.

The Rev. Mr. Gould of Chicago made a fine address on the subject of "The Religion of To-day." He brought out the fact that religion grows up with a race and reflects its thought and education. He said religion should be regarded much in the same light as science. He said a thousand years ago there were as many different schools of astronomy and geology as there were teachers. To-day every school teaches the same science of astronomy and geology. "What is the reason?" he asked. He answered the question by saying people had come to open their eyes and study for themselves. So it will be when every one opens his eyes to religious thought. The whole world will believe along the same line. In defining the new theology, he said it does not teach the world was made in six days nor that man has fallen. On the contrary, it teaches that the world was created gradually, with a tendency to grow up and advance. He thought it is a brighter prospect to be on the upward tendency rather than being a degenerate from a perfect man.

He also said God is everything, and any person who ever conscientiously worshiped any god was the better for it. He emphasized the point that the higher civilized a nation is, the higher are the attributes attributed to its god. He emphasized the point that humanity had certain rights that it can demand at the hands of its god.

Mr. J. T. Sunderland of Ann Arbor spoke on the "Philanthropy of Religion." He reviewed the history of the last century, with its bettered prison systems and its numerous homes and asylums. He concluded with the work of the Red Cross on the battle-field, showing the power religion has upon civilization and advancement.

BUREAU OF ASSOCIATED CHARITIES.—The quarter centennial meeting of the National Conference of Charities and Corrections meets in New York City May, 18-25. The meeting promises to be one of the most interesting and important ever held.

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA.—A private letter concerning the State Congress, previously reported in these columns, says: "Now it must be written down a brilliant achievement, one that speaks volumes in the present and for the future for the cause of a more brotherly brotherhood in the state of Iowa. The little city is filled with praises for all the speakers, and for the spirit in which they said their word. It will do an immense good for the Liberal Church, which has struggled so long and so faithfully, and against such great odds."

RACINE, WIS.—The following from a local paper shows what the Rev. A. C. Grier, pastor of the Universalist Church, has been doing in the direction so often urged in these columns. In the last analysis it is stupidity or selfishness or both that prevents the establishment of such work in the hundred towns in the Mississippi Valley within the next year. All this work is the work of the church. We will look forward with interest to the success of the Orchestrion Hall movement in Racine.

"Two weeks ago I spoke to you upon the subject of 'Environment.' We then saw that the authorities claim that environment is even more potent in the formation of character than heredity. The new work then for humanity must be the making better of the surroundings of our children and our citizens. And it is to hear what is being done here in that line that you have come this evening.

"About two years ago Mr. Matthias Ahrens stopped selling liquor. To show our appreciation of that fact, Mr. Percival and I called upon him and were welcomed by him. As we sat in his fine room, the thought came to me of what a fine place that would be for a work for humanity. That dream is about to be realized. After Mr. Ahrens' death the thought came pressing upon me until I finally started out to see how it appealed to the business men of the city. I found that they considered it not only a good

thing to do, but practical, and would stand by it. Then came the getting possession of the building. This was accomplished after months of hard work.

"The need of the place is manifest when we consider the condition of affairs. Many of these 3,000 workmen bring their lunch, and have no warm, clean place to eat it except at the saloons, and there they congregate in great numbers. Then, again, the saloons furnish so-called 'free lunch.' You spend, say, ten cents for liquor, and they 'give' you a lunch.

"Then, on the side of the evening. A man starts out of his uncomfortable home, his little, disagreeable room, his second-class boarding-house, to spend the evening. Where shall he go? Practically, the only place open for him is one of the 140 saloons of this city. There is light, comfort, heat, companionship, the newspaper, and the game. Special attractions are provided.

"In the first story we shall have a lunch and dining-room, where a man can get a good lunch for a nickel and a good meal for a dime or fifteen cents. It will be clean, wholesome, and cheap. Tables will be furnished free to those bringing their own lunch. On the next floor there will be a large reading-room, where the men can retire after their lunch, or in the evening, to read or listen to the orchestrion. Then, back of that will be the game-room, where as jolly a time as one can wish will be had. Even cards, and, if possible, billiards will be furnished, but of course no gambling will be allowed. On the third floor will be found clean and warm beds.

"Here a bed can be secured for a dime. No man need now sleep outdoors or in the tramp-house, for if he lacks the dime he will be given an opportunity to earn a ticket for a bed or meal at the wood-yard, which Mr. Carroll has so kindly provided. A bath is necessary to secure a bed, and that will be provided and all clothes will be disinfected. It will be seen that this is no 'free-soup' affair.

"Tickets will be put into every home in the city, requesting people not to give to tramps anything but one of these tickets to bring to Orchestrion Hall, where his needs will be provided for in return for a fair amount of wood-sawing. In this way it is hoped that we can rid this city of tramps in very short order. It all depends upon our women. If they will co-operate with us, and absolutely refuse to give help to these men, we will soon have it so that tramps will make a detour around Racine.

"I am asked if it can be made to pay. We shall do all we can to get it on a self-sustaining basis, but as soon as we do we will see that it gets off from that basis onto one of doing still more good. I should like to see there a penny savings bank, a day nursery where mothers could leave their children while they go out to work, and a large hall for the free use of literary, debating clubs, evening classes, etc. Will this work be a success? No man can tell. It is succeeding in other cities. All we can do is to conscientiously try it, the results are in the Father's hands. May He give us the wisdom in all of the undertaking.

UNITARIAN.—The Rev. George B. Allen, of Oakland, Cal., having satisfied the Committee on Fellowship of his fitness for the Unitarian ministry, is hereby commended to our ministers and churches. W. L. Chaffin, Chairman; D. W. Morehouse, Secretary.

Do people eat, drink, or wear out, by affectionate thumbing, their *old* NEW UNITYS?

Certain it is that an extraordinary number seem to get "lost, strayed or stolen," and to be thereafter vehemently called for by their losers. Our last experience of this kind is an urgent request from an old subscriber for copies of our issue of August 26, 1897, containing Mr. Jones' Bird Sermon, and having on the cover Miss Ellen Hale's charming bird portraits and autographs.

Will any one help us by sending one or more NEW UNITYS of that date to this office? being assured that the favor will be highly appreciated, and the extra copies used to further a plan for a still wider dissemination of the arguments so earnestly set forth therein on behalf of our persecuted little brothers of the air.

We are also in need of some copies of the March 31st and April 21st issues, and would appreciate any copies that can be spared.

Books Received.

VIBRATION THE LAW OF LIFE.—By W. H. Williams. The Temple Publishing Company.

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SOCIOLOGY.—The University of Chicago Press.

HOW SHALL WE KEEP SUNDAY?—Published for the Free Religious Association by James H. West & Co., 100 High street, Boston. Pph.

IF I WERE TWENTY AGAIN!—By Caroline Bartlett Crane. James H. West, Publisher. Pph.

NEW FORMS OF CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.—By Mrs. Humphry Ward. Thomas G. Crowell & Co., Boston.

COLORADO COLLEGE AND CUTLER ACADEMY. 1898. Pph.

CHRIST IN THE DAILY MEAL.—By Norman Fox. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

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